CAPTAIN AMERICA

NO. 70

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JAN. COMICS

"WORLDS AT WAR!"

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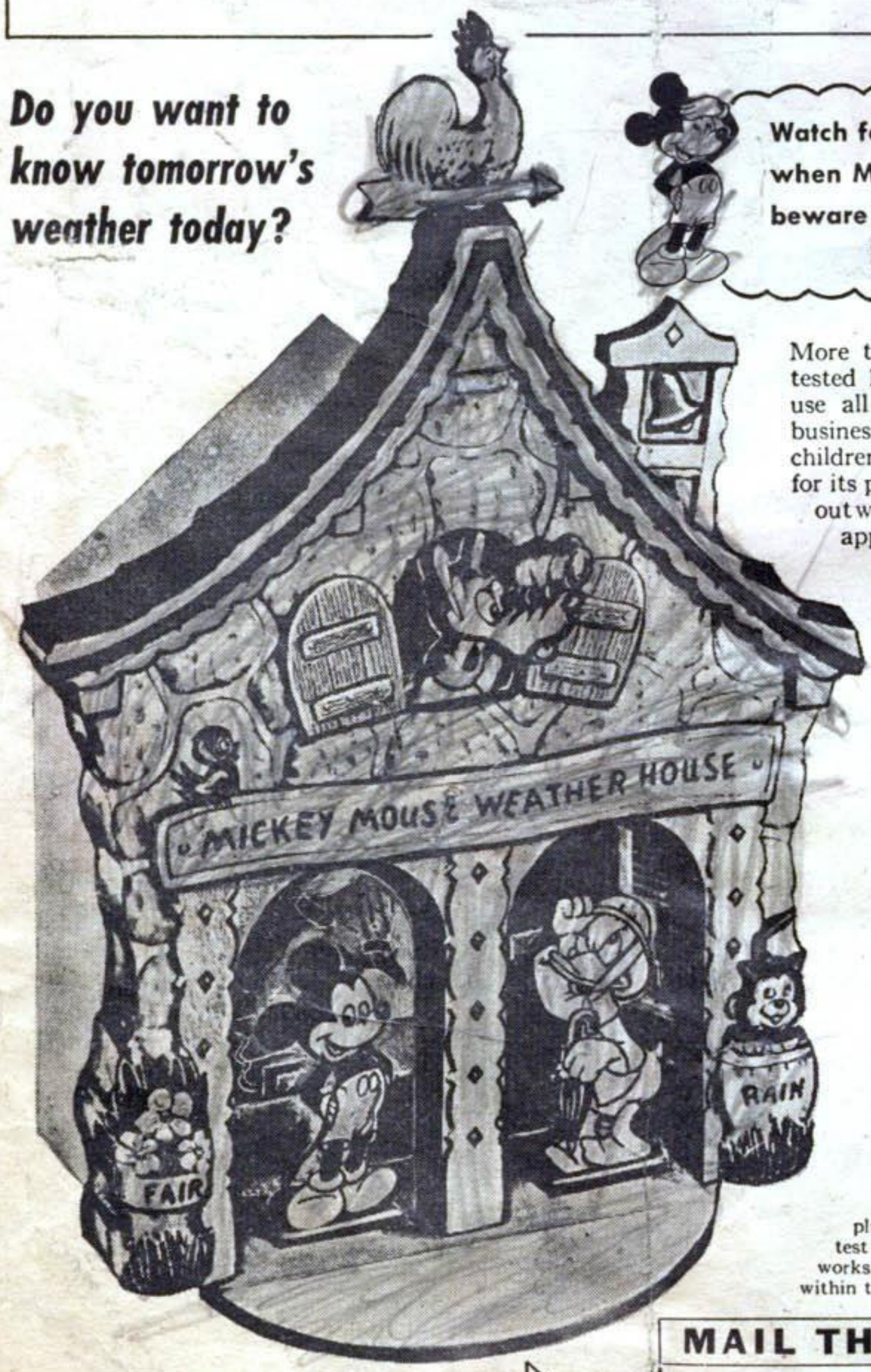

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CAPTAIN AMERICA

"WORLDS AT WAR!"

WHAT IS THE WORST FEAR KNOWN TO MANKIND? WE HAVE HAD A WAR OF NATIONS...OF CONTINENTS...BUT HERE IS A THREAT, A DANGER FAR MORE DEADLY... *A WAR OF THE WORLDS!* NEW YORK DEMOLISHED, COUNTRIES COMPLETELY DEVASTATED! AND THE INVADERS... WARRIORS FROM MARS, BROUGHT HERE BY A MAD SCIENTIST IN A CRUSADE OF TERROR! IT *CAN* HAPPEN HERE, AS YOU WILL LEARN WHEN YOU FOLLOW *CAPTAIN AMERICA* IN THIS THRILL-PACKED SAGA OF HIGH ADVENTURE AND CRASHING PLANETS!

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IT ALL STARTED SIMPLY ENOUGH, WITH STEVE ROGERS AND BETSY ROSS ATTENDING A SCIENTIFIC LECTURE...

WE WERE LUCKY TO GET TWO TICKETS TO HEAR PROFESSOR KULTO, BETSY! HE'S ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTISTS!

I WONDER WHAT HE'S GOING TO PREDICT FOR THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD?

PROFESSOR KULTO TODAY IN A LECTURE ON THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD.

"...AND LITTLE DID ANYONE DREAM THAT FROM SUCH A SIMPLE BEGINNING, WOULD COME A DEADLY WAR OF DIFFERENT WORLDS!"

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LITTLE DID ANYONE DREAM THAT A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST LIKE PROFESSOR KULTO WOULD PREDICT... •

YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR MY PREDICTION FOR THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD! WELL, HERE IT IS...

"I PREDICT THAT OUR ENTIRE PLANET... THIS EARTH... WILL BE ***COMPLETELY DESTROYED*** IF THERE SHOULD BE ANOTHER WAR!"

ONLY ***ONE THING*** CAN PREVENT A WAR SOONER OR LATER! AND THAT THING IS A HORRIBLE ***CALAMITY***—A CALAMITY WHICH WILL ***UNITE*** THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH TO FACE A DEADLY ENEMY!

AND, AFTER THE LECTURE...

WHAT DID THE PROFESSOR ***MEAN*** ABOUT A ***CALAMITY,*** STEVE?

HE MEANT THAT THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD ***INSURE PEACE*** ON EARTH IS FOR THE NATIONS TO FEAR SOME ***ENEMY*** MORE THAN THEY FEAR ***EACH OTHER!***

I WONDER WHAT ***ENEMY*** THE PROFESSOR MEANT? IT ALMOST SOUNDED AS THOUGH HE WERE REFERRING TO SOMETHING FROM ***ANOTHER WORLD!***

AND A FEW HOURS LATER THAT NIGHT, IN THE PRIVATE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR KULTO.

HERE IT IS! THE FINAL RESULT OF ALL MY LIFE'S WORK... MY ATOMIC POWERED PLANET MOVER!

INSTEAD OF BEING ACCLAIMED THE WORLD'S ***GREATEST SCIENTIST*** WHEN I PULL THIS LEVER I WILL PROBABLY BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST ***HATED MAN!*** AND YET... ***I MUST DO IT!***

IT IS WITH THE FLIPPING OF THIS SWITCH THAT OUR STORY REALLY BEGINS...FOR IT'S WITH THIS ACT, THAT UNDREAMED-OF TERROR APPEARS ON EARTH!

MEN WILL SOMEDAY REALIZE THAT I DID THIS FOR THE SAKE OF THE ***ENTIRE EARTH!***

AND IN A SPLIT SECOND, WEIRD NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN RAYS OF PURE ATOMIC ENERGY SOAR FROM THE LABORATORY ON EARTH...HURLED WITH THUNDER-BOLT FURY INTO THE SKIES!

AND ON A TELEVISED-VIEWER IN HIS LABORATORY, THE FANATICAL SCIENTIST WATCHES HIS UNBELIEVABLE ATOMIC RAYS SOAR INTO THE STRATOSPHERE!

THAT'S IT! RISE UP-UP THROUGH THE SKIES! ***UP*** AND ***UP*** AND ***UP***... TO THE PLANET OF DANGER... TO THE PLANET OF ***PERIL***... TO THE ***PLANET OF WAR!***

FOR YEARS MY STUDIES AND THEORIES HAVE REVEALED THAT THERE ***ARE*** CREATURES ON ***MARS***... CREATURES WHO WOULD ATTACK OUR EARTH IN A SECOND... EXCEPT THAT THEIR ROCKET-SHIPS ***CANNOT TRAVEL*** THE TREMENDOUS DISTANCE!

BUT IN A FEW SECONDS MORE THEY ***WILL*** BE ABLE TO REACH THE EARTH... AND THEN MY GREAT PLAN WILL TAKE EFFECT! JUST AS SOON AS MY ATOMIC RAYS HIT MARS!

AND, IN JUST A MATTER OF FLEETING SECONDS, THE ASTONISHING ATOMIC RAYS STRIKE THE STRANGE PLANET OF MARS..STRIKE IT WITH ***INESTIMABLE*** ATOMIC POWER!

NOW TO APPLY MORE ENERGY TO THE RAYS! ENOUGH ENERGY TO ***MOVE THE PLANET MARS! THERE!***

AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON IN KULTO'S LABORATORY ON EARTH, THE ATOMIC RAYS BECOME STRENGTHENED... TO ENOUGH INTENSITY TO ACTUALLY *MOVE THE PLANET OF MARS!*

AND ON MARS...THE MARLIKE INHABITANTS ARE STUNNED TO DISCOVER THAT THEIR PLANET IS *MOVING!*

OUR *PLANET*... IT'S *MOVING!*

IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS THE ASTRONOMERS ON MARS DISCOVER WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THEIR PLANET...

BY THE BEARD OF OOG! SOMETHING IS DRAWING OUR PLANET CLOSER TO THE ACCURSED PLANET OF EARTH!

WE MUST INFORM OUR WAR LORDS AT ONCE! THIS IS SURELY A SIGNAL FROM THE FATES! WE MUST ATTACK AT ONCE!

BACK ON EARTH, PROFESSOR KULTO RESTS... HIS FEAT PERFORMED! BUT DOES HIS GREAT BRAIN IMAGINE ALL THE TERROR AND TRAGEDY IN WHICH HIS ACT WILL RESULT?

THERE! IT'S *DONE!* NOW *NOTHING* CAN SAVE THE EARTH...EXCEPT HAVING ALL OF ITS NATIONS *UNITE AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY!*

ON MARS, A FEW SHORT HOURS LATER... A DREAD, SINISTER FLEET OF DEADLY ROCKET DREADNOUGHTS PREPARES FOR A TAKE OFF!

AFTER WAITING FOR CENTURIES, THE FATES HAVE MOVED OUR PLANET TO WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE OF EARTH! AT LAST WE MARTIANS HAVE THE CHANCE TO CONQUER A PLANET! OUR PLANET'S SUCCESS IS IN OUR HANDS! WE *MUST* NOT... *WE SHALL NOT FAIL!*

THE NEXT DAY IS CALM AND PEACEFUL AT THE LEE SCHOOL...UNTIL...

...AND ALWAYS REMEMBER, STUDENTS... THE SQUARE OF THE HYPOTENUSE IS EQUAL TO THE SUM OF THE SQUARES OF THE TWO LEGS OF THE RIGHT TRIANGLE...OH, HELLO, STEVE!

BETSY— I MUST SPEAK TO YOU!

BETSY, YOU'VE GOT TO DISMISS YOUR CLASS AND COME WITH ME...IT'S ***VITALLY*** IMPORTANT!

CERTAINLY, STEVE! IF YOU SAY SO!

I WONDER WHAT'S ***UP?***

DUNNO... BUT I'LL BET PROF. ROGERS HAS A ***CRUSH*** ON MISS ***ROSS!***

I DON'T ***BLAME*** HIM! (SIGH!)

STUDENTS, I'M GOING TO DISMISS YOU A FEW MINUTES EARLY TODAY! ***CLASS DISMISSED!***

YIPPEE!

QUICKLY... THIS WAY!

HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE MORE IN A HURRY TO LEAVE THAN ***WE*** ARE!

NOW, TELL ME, STEVE... ***WHAT'S WRONG?***

IT'S HARD TO PUT INTO WORDS...BUT IT'S THE PLANET MARS... IT-IT'S MOVED THOUSANDS OF MILES CLOSER TO US!

LOOK! THERE IT ***IS!*** SEE FOR ***YOURSELF!*** IT'S CLEARLY VISIBLE ...EVEN IN ***BROAD DAYLIGHT!***

HEAVENS! YOU'RE ***RIGHT,*** STEVE!

BUT EVEN IF THE PLANET MARS ***HAS*** MOVED, WHY SHOULD THAT BOTHER ***YOU,*** STEVE?

BECAUSE OF SOMETHING I ONCE READ IN A ***BOOK*** WRITTEN BY PROFESSOR ***KULTO!***

SEE HERE! THIS WAS WRITTEN YEARS AGO..."IT IS MY BELIEF," SAYS THE PROFESSOR, "THAT THERE IS AN INTELLIGENT RACE OF CREATURES ON MARS WHO WOULD CONQUER THE EARTH IF EARTH WERE WITHIN THE RANGE OF THEIR ROCKETS!"

EVEN NOW...A DEADLY MARTIAN FLEET MAY BE TAKING OFF TO ATTACK OUR PLANET IF PROFESSOR KULTO WAS RIGHT! AND I HAVE REASON TO THINK HE *WAS RIGHT!*

OH, STEVE! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A *FAIRY* TALE!

IN THE NAME OF *OOG, WAR LORD OF MARS, WE ATTACK!*

ON EARTH, A FEW SHORT MINUTES LATER...

LOOK, STEVE! THAT HUGE CLOUD, OR SOME SUCH THING COMING TOWARD US...

BETSY, I'M AFRAID THAT'S NO CLOUD! WE'D BETTER GET INTO OUR ACTION COSTUME!

AND ALL OVER THE GLOBE THE AMAZED EYES OF THE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD LOOK UP TO SEE...

LOOK AT THAT DARK MASS IN THE SKY!

IT'S GETTING *CLOSER!*

WHAT CAN IT *BE?*

GOOD HEAVENS! IT LOOKS LIKE A FLEET OF *ROCKET-SHIPS!*

IN A FLASH, WITHOUT WARNING, A GROUP OF ROCKETS ZOOM OVER NEW YORK AND...

WHILE THE SAME THING HAPPENS IN PARIS...

AND IN MOSCOW...

AND ALL OVER THE WORLD...IN ONE DEADLY, DAZZLING STROKE...

FINALLY, AFTER HOURS OF SUSTAINED, TERROR-FILLED ATTACKS ON EARTH'S PRINCIPAL CITIES, THE FLAGSHIP OF THE MARTIAN FLEET OF DESTRUCTION COMES TO A HALT ON EARTH! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALL ETERNITY, A MARTIAN SHIP LANDS ON EARTH!

IN THE NAME OF OUR WAR LORD, THE MIGHTY OOG, RULER OF THE UNIVERSE, I PLANT THIS FLAG OF MARS ON THE PLANET EARTH AND CLAIM THIS PRIMITIVE PLANET AND ALL ITS CONTENTS IN THE NAME OF MARS!

NEVER BEFORE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH HAS THERE BEEN A CREATURE SUCH AS *THIS!* MONSTROUS, FANTASTIC, AND FIFTEEN FEET TALL, IT PLANTS THE CONQUERING BANNER OF THE WAR PLANET ON EARTH-SOIL!

ONLY ONE MAN ON EARTH GLOATS OVER WHAT HAPPENED...THE FANATICAL PROFESSOR KULTO!

AT LAST MY PROPHECY HAS COME TRUE! NOW FOR THE SECOND PART OF MY PLAN!

BUT SUDDENLY...THE STARTLED EYES OF PROFESSOR KULTO SEE TWO DRAMATIC FIGURES LUNGE INTO HIS LABORATORY!

KULTO! WHY DID YOU DO THIS MURDEROUS THING?

CAPTAIN AMERICA! HOW— HOW DID *YOU* KNOW?

HOW DID I KNOW? GOOD GRIEF, MAN! I'VE READ YOUR *BOOKS!* I'VE HEARD YOUR *LECTURES!* YOU'RE THE *ONLY* ONE WHO *COULD* BE RESPONSIBLE!

YES! YES! I DID IT! SOMEDAY THE WORLD WILL *HON* *MY NAME* FOR IT!

DON'T YOU REALIZE THE ONLY WAY TO BRING THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD TOGETHER...THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE THEM FORGET THEIR ENMITY, IS FOR THEM TO BE FORCED TO BAND TOGETHER AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY? WELL, I HAVE BROUGHT THIS TO PASS!

HE—HE'S *MAD*, CAP!

YES, NOTHING IS WORSE THAN A MADMAN WHO IS CONVINCED THAT HE IS BENEFITING HUMANITY! BUT THERE'S NOTHING MORE FOR US TO DO *HERE! WE'RE* NEEDED *ELSEWHERE!*

AND IN A MATTER OF SHORT MINUTES, THE WIRES OF THE WORLD BEGIN TO BUZZ...

WASHINGTON, THIS IS LONDON CALLING... WE NEED PLANES AND GUNS URGENTLY TO REPEL THE INVADERS!

AND PROFESSOR KULTO'S PLAN FOR BRINGING THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD TOGETHER TO COMBAT A COMMON ENEMY SEEMS TO BE SUCCEEDING!

DAILY GRAPIC -EXTRA- RUSSIA SENDS TROOPS TO U.S.A. TO HELP AMERICA BATTLE MARTIAN INVADERS!

BUT ONE PHASE OF PROFESSOR KULTO'S PLAN GOES WRONG...

FOR EVEN THE COMBINED STRENGTH OF THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH ISN'T ABLE TO COPE WITH THE MURDEROUS DENIZENS OF MARS/ DEFEAT FOLLOWS DEFEAT ON EARTH...

STUPID EARTHLINGS... YOU HAVEN'T THE BRAINS TO SURRENDER WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE /

AS AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST FIGHTER BATTLES HEROICALLY AGAINST INSURMOUNTABLE ODDS...

IF I CAN JUST REACH THAT ROCKET SHIP BEFORE I'M SEEN...

MADE IT!

BUT THE MARTIAN GUARD'S HIGHLY DEVELOPED SENSES REACT TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S ATTACK... EVEN THOUGH THE GUARD NEITHER SEES NOR HEARS HIM...

WHAT WAS THAT?

THERE IS SOMEONE IN THE ROCKET...BUT HE WILL BE EASY TO HANDLE...

SLEEPING GAS

WOW! IT WOULD TAKE *HOURS* TO LEARN THESE COMPLEX CONTROLS...

IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE STRANGE MIST WHICH WAS FIRED FROM THE MARTIAN'S RAY GUN ENVELOPS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND...

MY LUNGS... I CAN'T BREATHE...(GASP/)... WHAT...

AND, MANY HOURS LATER, IN THE RUINS OF DETROIT, WHICH THE MARTIANS HAVE COMPLETELY INVADED, AMERICA'S MIGHTY DEFENDER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS . . .

AH, THE COSTUMED ONE AWAKES!

OH, MY *HEAD!*

NOW THAT YOU ARE RECOVERED, I SHALL BE BRIEF! I AM *OOG*, WAR-LORD OF MARS, AND OF THE ENTIRE *UNIVERSE!* YOU SEEM TO BE THE MOST PERFECT EARTHLING I HAVE FOUND YET...SO, I HAVE CHOSEN *YOU*...

...I HAVE CHOSEN YOU TO TAKE A MESSAGE TO THE RULERS OF EARTH! TELL THEM TO SURRENDER THEIR ENTIRE PLANET TO ME IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...OR I SHALL WIPE *EVERY HUMAN BEING FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!*

GO! DO AS MIGHTY OOG COMMANDS!

WAIT...I, OOG, WILL ACCOMPANY YOU...SO THAT I MAY SNEER IN THE FACES OF YOUR PUNY EARTH LEADERS!

IN ALL HISTORY *NEVER* WAS OUR EARTH THREATENED WITH SUCH A TERRIBLE *DANGER!*

A NEW INSPIRATION COMES TO OOG!

WHAT SHALL I DO? IF EARTH SURRENDERS, WE'LL ALL BECOME NO MORE THAN *SLAVES* OF THE MARTIANS...BUT IF WE *DON'T* SURRENDER...WE'LL *DIE!* FOR, WE ARE CERTAINLY NO MATCH FOR THEIR ROCKETS AND RAY GUNS!

CAPTAIN AMERICA QUICKLY WEIGHS THE IDEA IN HIS MIND!

I'VE *GOT* IT! THE *ONE* CHANCE IN A *MILLION!*

WE MUST FIRST ROCKET TO NEW YORK CITY TO CONTACT THE EARTH'S LEADERS!

VERY WELL... IT WILL TAKE ONLY A FEW FLEETING SECONDS IN ONE OF OUR ROCKET SHIPS!

FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE ROCKETSHIP FLASHES TO NEW YORK...

IF YOU BUT KNEW HOW MANY CENTURIES WE MARTIANS HAVE BEEN WAITING TO CONQUER THE EARTH...OH, WHAT A TRIUMPH THIS IS FOR OOG!

SEE! PUNY EARTHLING, ALREADY WE HAVE ALMOST COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED YOUR GREATEST CITY!

NEW YORK...ALMOST *DESTROYED*...THIS CAN SERIOUSLY AFFECT MY PLAN!

WE ARE ALMOST THERE!

IF KULTO'S LAB IS DESTROYED... THEN ALL IS LOST!

HURRY, EARTHLING! I GROW IMPATIENT!

ENTERING THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR KULTO, CAPTAIN AMERICA FINDS...THE GOLDEN GIRL... WAITING FOR HIM!

HERE WE ARE!

THANK GOODNESS, THE APPARATUS HASN'T BEEN HARMED!

CAP! I THOUGHT I'D *NEVER* FIND YOU AGAIN! PROFESSOR KULTO WAS KILLED BY THE WAR...*OH, A MARTIAN!*

WELL, *ANOTHER* COSTUMED ONE!

AND NOW TO SUMMON THE LEADERS OF EARTH WITH THIS RADIO-RAY MACHINE!

LEADERS OF EARTH? RADIO-RAY? WHAT'S CAP TALKING ABOUT?

AH...*AT LAST!*

THERE...IT WORKS! IN A FEW MINUTES...

BUT, IT IS NO "RADIO-RAY" THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA TURNS ON...IT IS THE STRANGE DEVICE OF PROFESSOR KULTO'S...THE DEVICE THAT CAN *MOVE PLANETS!* THE DEVICE THAT MOVES MARS BACK AWAY FROM EARTH AGAIN!

THERE...IT'S DONE!

WHAT'S DONE? I SEE NO LEADERS OF EARTH, HERE!

YOU FOOL! YOU SMUG, DELUDED FOOL! RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES, I HAVE TRICKED YOU...TAKEN A WORLD FROM YOU! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT I HAVE DONE?

CAP! NOW, I UNDERSTAND! YOU TRICKED HIM! HE THOUGHT YOU WERE SUMMONING PEOPLE FOR A SURRENDER...BUT YOU MOVED MARS AWAY FROM EARTH, INSTEAD!

THE ALERT MIND OF GOLDEN GIRL, QUICKLY TAKES IN THE SITUATION!

AWAY FROM EARTH? FANTASTIC! LET ME SEE.. IF THIS IS A TRICK...!

YES, OOG, IT'S A TRICK! BUT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW...BECAUSE I'M GOING TO DEAL OUT A LITTLE EARTH JUSTICE TO YOU!

YOU PUNY FOSSIL... I'LL CRUSH YOU LIKE A MATCH STICK!

AND, SO BEGINS ONE OF THE STRANGEST FIGHTS OF ALL TIME...AN ATTACKER FROM ANOTHER PLANET VERSUS A DEFENDER OF EARTH!

NOT THAT WAY, YOU WON'T!

HERE'S A GOOD-WILL TOKEN, FROM EARTH TO YOU, OOG OL' SOCK!

CRASH!

CAP.. YOU BROKE THE RAY MACHINE!

GOOD RIDDANCE! AND IT LOOKS LIKE I BROKE OOG'S JAW TOO!

AND, IN A SHORT TIME, CUT OFF FROM THEIR SUPPLY LINES ON MARS, BECAUSE THEIR SHIPS CAN NO LONGER FLY THE GREAT DISTANCE, THE MARTIANS ARE SLOWLY STARVED INTO SUBMISSION...FOR THEIR SYSTEMS ARE SO COMPOSED, THAT THEY CANNOT EAT EARTH FOOD!

FOOD! I MUST EAT...OR PERISH!

HAVE WE CONQUERED A WORLD...ONLY TO LOSE IT BECAUSE WE CANNOT EAT EARTH FOOD?

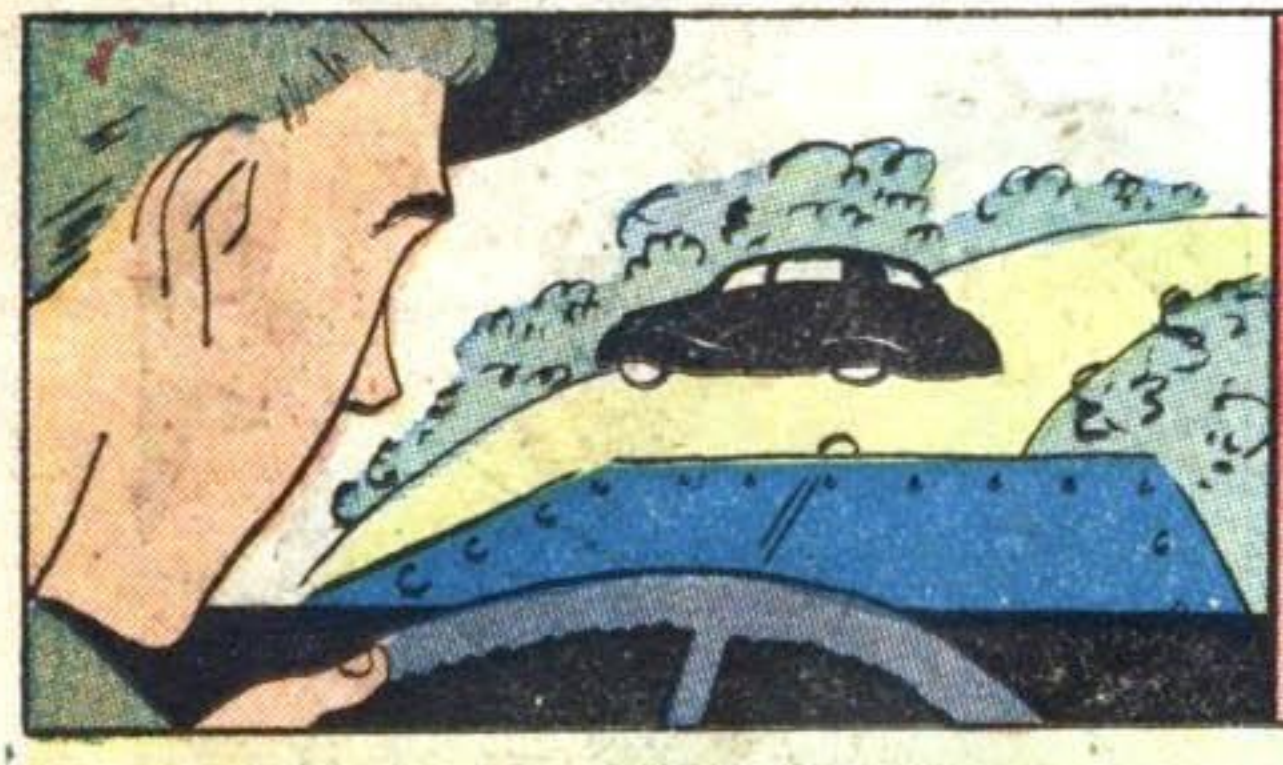
AND, FINALLY, UNWILLING TO DIE ON EARTH, THE MARTIAN FLEET AND THE REMAINING MARTIAN TROOPS, ROCKET OFF INTO THE STRATOSPHERE...UNABLE TO REACH THEIR HOME PLANET...BUT DETERMINED TO DIE OUT IN SPACE... TO DIE AS THEY LIVED...A WARLIKE PEOPLE!

AND, BACK ON EARTH...THINGS RETURN TO NORMAL, AS NATIONS AGAIN MISTRUST EACH OTHER! SCARE HEADLINES FILL THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD...

...AND, BACK AT THE LEE SCHOOL, PROFESSOR ROGERS FINDS A NEW TOPIC TO LECTURE ABOUT...

REMEMBER ONE GREAT LESSON WE CAN ALL LEARN FROM THE MARTIAN INVASION, STUDENTS... NEVER TRY TO CURE ONE EVIL BY A *GREATER EVIL!* CLASS DISMISSED!

THE END



EDDIE SAVES THE DOUGH

"BE sharp today, boys," Mr. Waller warned. "The Fisher gang is working around here, and you're carrying over a million and a half dollars!"

Grizzled Dan Burr nodded. "Don't worry, boss, we're on our toes. Let's go, Eddie."

Eddie stepped on the starter, and the gray armored car swung out into the heavy morning traffic. Dan sat back and relaxed for the hour ride to the suburban bank where the money was scheduled for delivery. He winked at Brick in the back as they prepared for the usual verbal battle.

"Well, did your new wife learn to cook yet?" Eddie laughed. They weren't going to annoy him today. "I'm telling you, Ed, gals nowadays don't know anything about the culinary art. Am I right, Brick?"

Brick was the mediator in these discussions. He rode in back with the money and had to keep his eyes open so he only had time for an occasional remark.

"I dunno, Dan. Eddie said he was going to surprise us today. What's the surprise, Ed?" Brick inquired, looking at Eddie's lunch on the seat.

Eddie took a curve, and the package slid to the edge of the seat. Dan grabbed it just in time. Brick yelped in alarm and reached for it. "Hey, gimme that! If it falls on the floor, he'll have an alibi. I'll stow it in one of these money boxes back here."

Eddie's mind was on something else. "Say, Dan did you notice those guys behind us on the last couple deliveries we made up here? Seems to me they paid us a lot of attention and tried not to be caught at it."

Dan looked at a black sedan that had just passed. A face peered out the rear window at them. "Yeah, I noticed them, and they're in that car. I don't like this, Ed!"

Eddie made a quick turn into a side street. "I'm taking no chances. We'll take the alternate route. I want to live to eat that lunch even if *you* say my wife can't cook!"

Dan didn't answer. He was busy looking ahead, and Brick had his face glued to the rear window. Eddie speeded up. Suddenly, without turning around, Brick shouted, "That car you're trying to lose is right behind us! See if you can shake it!"

Eddie hunched over the big wheel, and the heavy armored truck gained speed. He hit the brake, made a quick turn, then another at the next block. They were coming to open country. Brick was really excited. "Right behind us, Dan! Should I try a shot at them?"

Dan whipped out his long .38 and cranked down a window. He leaned out, but kept his gun inside. "Hold it until they make the first move, Brick. If they're not after us, we don't want the boss to get a damage suit."

The next move came immediately. The big sedan speeded up, came alongside, and went by easily. They were on a straight road now with nothing on each side but brush and heavy timber. The sedan pulled ahead and vanished around the next turn. Eddie slowed down and sighed his relief. Dan still had his gun on his lap.

"I was *sure* that was the Fisher gang! Looked like Shorty Monel driving with Fisher himself in the back. Remember those circulars the boss showed us?"

"That's who I thought they were!" Eddie checked his watch. "Well, we're on time anyhow. I'll be glad to dump this dough and eat that delicious lunch the wife whipped up—especially the *dessert!*"

The other two didn't get a chance to reply. They were just rounding a turn, and Eddie hit the brakes hard. The black sedan was pulled across the road, and the armored truck was forced into the ditch. Dan was firing out the side win-

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dow even before they halted. The bullet-proof glass splintered from the impact of heavy slugs, but it didn't break.

Eddie cut the engine and began firing through the opening provided for that purpose. Then he saw a man stand up in the brush and throw a bottle in a high arc. It exploded on the hood of the truck, and burning gasoline splashed over the windshield. They felt the heat immediately.

The man stood up again, another bottle of gasoline in his hands. He struck a match to the cloth stopper and threw it as soon as it lighted. It smashed on top of the truck. By now the inside was filled with smoke and getting hotter every second.

"Dan, we gotta do something!" Eddie yelled. He tried to shield his face from the heat, but the cab was like an oven.

Ran didn't answer. The black smoke from the gasoline was making it impossible to see their targets. Another bottle exploded on Eddie's side of the truck, and he pulled back just as a gust of flame puffed into his gun opening. Dan yelled at Brick through the connecting window, "Bail out, Brick! Wiggle around to the ditch if you can!"

Brick yelled his assent, and Dan opened the door on his side. He hit the ditch on his stomach, and Eddie landed on top of him. Bullets whined through the weedy ditch, but Eddie just lay there, breathing in the cool, fresh air. A groan from Dan brought him back to reality.

"Get off me, you lug!" Dan snapped irritably. "Bad enough to catch a slug without you crushing me!"

Eddie saw that Dan had a flesh wound in his left arm. He looked up just as the bottle thrower stood up to get a better aim, but Eddie shot first. The figure in the brush was knocked down by a .38 slug in the chest. Brick grinned.

"Nice shot, pal! I got two of them back there. I think only two are left."

"Well, I'm gonna find out," Eddie grunted. He crammed fresh bullets into the chambers of his gun and got to one knee. Brick and Dan followed suit. There was a lull in the firing, and Eddie leaped forward.

"Come on, their guns are empty!"

He charged through the brush, Brick and Dan fanning out behind him. A slug whistled by his head, and he hit the ground. Eddie peered through the heavy bushes and snapped a shot at a log just as a head popped up. The man hit the log and the splinters must have got him because Eddie heard him yelp.

"Over here, Brick! Two of them behind that log!" He fired methodically at the log, knocking bark from the top with every shot. Then he stopped, studied the heavy log, and changed his fire. He loosed a couple of snap shots at the opening between the ground and the log and was rewarded with a yell.

He got up and ran for the log, firing as he went. Shorty Monel stood up, firing nearly point-blank. Eddie triggered twice, then hit the dirt. He flinched as he waited for a bullet to tear into him, but it didn't happen. He looked up just as Shorty sat down on the log, both hands over his stomach, and slowly toppled over.

Eddie approached the log cautiously. He stepped around it, gun ready, and was just turning the dead man over when Brick and Dan ran up.

"Nice shooting, Ed!" Brick cried. "You got 'em both! That's Fisher all right! Big reward for this!"

Dan chuckled. "Yeah, you can buy the wife a cookbook now, Eddie!"

That startled Eddie. "Cookbook!"

He started for the blazing truck. Dan and Brick both ran to cut him off, but he was inside before they could stop him. He reappeared with one of the strong boxes, kicked it open, then dashed inside again. Finally they grabbed him before he could go back into the flames. Eddie flipped the lid of the iron box open. The money was safe.

"That was a fool trick, Eddie!" Dan growled. "You didn't have to save that dough. The bank has the serial numbers, and the government would replace it when we reported it."

Eddie laughed and tenderly lifted the lid of his lunch pail.

"Yeah, they'd replace the money, but who'd replace this strawberry short cake?"

THE END

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Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

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WESTERN CRAFTSMEN • Dept 476B Omaha 2, Nebraska

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SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s OUTSIDE U.S.A.

CAPTAIN AMERICA

Meets

"THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYTHING!"

WHAT *IS* THIS? WHAT GOES ON? THIS GUY KNOWS THE ANSWER TO *EVERY* QUESTION EVER THOUGHT OF! THERE *MUST* BE A REASON FOR ALL THIS... AND I'M GOING TO FIND IT!

QUIZ AND CONSEQUENCES

I DON'T KNOW HOW I DO IT... BUT--WHY WORRY?

?

FRAGILE

FRAGILE

OH... HO! I SEE A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY HERE!... FOR *ME!!*

4248

UNEXPECTED THINGS CAN OCCUR ON A RADIO QUIZ SHOW...FUNNY THINGS, TRAGIC AND...AMAZING THINGS! OH, DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME? ALL RIGHT, THEN... HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I WENT TO SEE A "QUIZ AND CONSEQUENCES" SHOW...

NOW, MRS. HASSENFFEFFER, THINK CAREFULLY! CAN YOU NAME TWO GREAT AMERICAN GENERALS?

UM...AH...ER...WHY... *GENERAL MOTORS* AND *GENERAL ELECTRIC!*

CONSEQUENCES

HA! HA!

HA! HA!

"THEN, BESIDE ME, I NOTICED A LITTLE MAN, EVIDENTLY VERY EXCITED! HE WAS MUTTERING TO HIMSELF..."

I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT! SURE I CAN! MAYBE I'M NOT VERY SMART, BUT I'M NOT *THAT* DUMB! SHE SHOULDA SAID GENERAL EISENHOWER AN'—AN'...

RAISE YOUR HAND! MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE YOU! GO AHEAD, TRY IT!

"WELL, THEY TOOK HIM! AND YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED, BUT IT DID! LOOK..."

HA! HA! HERE'S *ANOTHER* DUMB ONE! ...THIS WILL BE *GOOD!*

OH, SO YOUR NAME IS OLLIE OLIPHANT? NOW THINK CAREFULLY, MR. OLIPHANT! WHAT'S *PELL-MELL?* AND HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?

WHY...ER...IF YOU SPELL IT P, E, DOUBLE L, IT'S GREAT, UNDUE HASTE! IF YOU SPELL IT P, A, DOUBLE L, AND STILL PRONOUNCE IT PELL-MELL, THEN IT'S A FAMOUS STREET IN LONDON! SIMPLE! VERY SIMPLE!

"OLLIE DID FINE! NOTHING STUMPED HIM!"

VERY *GOOD*, MR. OLIPHANT! NOW, WHAT IS A *WINESAP* WHAT IS A *GEIGER COUNTER*?

WINESAP? A KIND OF APPLE! *GEIGER COUNTER*...THAT'S AN INSTRUMENT TO MEASURE RADIOACTIVITY! SEE, AFTER AN ATOM BOMB EXPLODES, YOU HAVE TO

THIS FELLOW'S A *QUIZ WHIZ!* LET'S ASK HIM MORE!

"A FEW MINUTES AND A FEW QUESTIONS MORE, AND OLLIE OLIPHANT WAS A SENSATION!"

MONTEVIDEO, CAPITOL OF URUGUAY! MEANS 'I SEE THE MOUNTAIN'! *ICON*, AN IMAGE! *SEMESTER*, DIVISION OF A SCHOOL YEAR!

H2O...WATER! GAUCHO? THAT'S A SOUTH AMERICAN COWBOY! *LITTLE AMERICA?* WHY, THAT'S ON THE BAY OF WALES, IN ANTARCTICA!

"ON AND ON HE WENT! NO QUESTION WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM!"

"AND WHEN THE QUIZ SHOW WAS OVER..."

AND *HERE'S* WHAT YOU HAVE WON, MR. OLIPHANT! LET ME HAVE YOUR ADDRESS! A TRUCK WILL DELIVER EVERYTHING IN THE MORNING!

OH...SURE! THANKS... THANKS VERY MUCH!

"OLLIE AND I LEFT THE SHOW TOGETHER! NOW, AS IT HAPPENED, THIS LITTLE FELLOW WAS JUST AS SURPRISED AS EVERYBODY ELSE AT WHAT HE HAD DONE! HE TOOK ME TO HIS BOARDING HOUSE ROOM, AND HE TOLD ME..."

YOU WERE CERTAINLY REMARKABLE, OLLIE!

LISTEN, CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU'VE BEEN MIGHTY NICE TO ME! I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET! I NEVER KNEW THOSE THINGS BEFORE! I'M NOT *THAT* SMART!

BOOKS

MAYBE IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT I DID THIS AFTER-NOON! I HAPPENED TO SEE AN OLD BOOKSTORE, AND...

JUST THOUGHT I'D LOOK AROUND!

OF COURSE! GO RIGHT AHEAD! I HOPE THAT YOU FIND SOMETHING THAT WILL ER... AH... INTEREST YOU!

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PICTORIAL HISTORY OF

"AND PRESENTLY..."

IF YOU WANT SOMETHING *REALLY* REMARKABLE, HERE'S JUST THE BOOK FOR YOU!

WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? WHY, MY DEAR SIR, IT'S ABOUT *EVERY-THING!* THE WHOLE REALM OF MAN'S KNOWLEDGE IS COMPRESSED INTO THAT LITTLE BOOK! IT CAME FROM MID-EUROPE! BUY IT! YOU WON'T GO WRONG!

"SO, ON IMPULSE, OLLIE BOUGHT IT! HE DIDN'T READ IT... THE PRINT WAS TOO *SMALL!* YOU'D NEED A *MAGNIFYING GLASS*"

I HAD IT IN MY POCKET TONIGHT AT THE QUIZ SHOW, CAPTAIN AMERICA! MAYBE IT'S *MAGIC* OR SOMETHING?

THIS PRINT IS AS SMALL AS MICROFILM! LOOKS LIKE A TINY ENCYCLOPEDIA!

"OLLIE KEPT IT IN HIS POCKET AFTER THAT! AND THE NEXT MORNING, IN FRONT OF HIS BOARDING HOUSE..."

MR. OLIPHANT? THINGS FROM "QUIZ AND CONSEQUENCES"! SIGN HERE, PLEASE! WHERE YOU WANT 'EM PUT?

WHERE DO I WANT 'EM PUT? *OH, DEAR...*

LAND SAKES!

"OLLIE RENTED AN EXTRA ROOM! BUT HE WENT ON OTHER QUIZ SHOWS AND THEN THE ROOM WAS NO GOOD... HE HAD TO RENT A LOFT!"

EH? YES! OH, DEAR...

SIGN HERE!

"OLLIE WAS GETTING FAMOUS PRETTY FAST!"

WELL...WELL!

FULL NEWS COVERAGE

The Telegram

THREE CENTS

OLLIE OLIPHANT CONTINUES HIS AMAZING PERFORMANCES!

THIS MAN KNOWS EVERYTHING!

YOUNG GENIUS STUMPS ALL EXPERTS!

"NATURALLY, A LOT OF PEOPLE WENT AFTER OLLIE! SCIENTISTS WANTED TO INVESTIGATE THIS PHENOMENON! A GROUP OF FAMOUS CHEMISTS AND PHYSICISTS GOT HOLD OF HIM..."

WHAT'S MONOACETICASIDESTER OF SALICYLIC ACID?

WHAT'S PI?

WHAT'S THE SYMBOL FOR ALCOHOL?

WHO WROTE "THE THEORY OF RELATIV-ITY"?

WHERE IS HE NOW?

ASPIRIN...3.1416...C_2H_6O... EINSTEIN! PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY!

"THE ASTRONOMERS TOOK A CRACK AT HIM..."

WHAT'S PLUTO?

NAME A MOUNTAIN AND A SEA ON THE MOON!

HOW FAR IS OUR MOON FROM EARTH?

THE MOST DISTANT PLANET OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM! ARCHIMEDES MOUNTAIN! THE MARE IMBRIAN! ABOUT 250,000 MILES!

REMARKABLE! AMAZING! NO TRICKERY! HE ACTUALLY KNOWS *EVERYTHING!*

"DOCTORS AND PSYCHIATRISTS WANTED TO INVESTIGATE THIS HUMAN BRAIN WHICH HELD SUCH KNOWLEDGE..."

UM, AH...I WOULD SAY THE CENTRAL LOBE IS DISTENDED! IT COULD BE AN EXAMPLE OF ATAVISM! HM...WITH AN EXPLORATORY INCISION PERHAPS...NATURALLY, IF A PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY WERE UNDERTAKEN, HE WOULD...

HEY! LEMME OUTA HERE!

"OF COURSE, OLLIE HAD NEVER MENTIONED THAT LITTLE BOOK IN HIS POCKET! MAYBE IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE, ANYWAY! THEN, ONE AFTERNOON, I WAS TALKING WITH A FRIEND, A THEATRICAL AGENT..."

CAP, LISSEN! YOU KNOW THIS OLLIE OLIPHANT GUY, DON'T YOU? GET HIM IN HERE! I WANTA SIGN HIM! I CAN MAKE A BARREL O' DOUGH OUTTA HIM!

"AND PRESENTLY..."

BUT I *AM* GONNA MAKE MONEY! I ALREADY GOT A BIG ROOMFUL OF PRESENTS! I CAN SELL THE STUFF! I HAVE THREE RADIOS... DON'T NEED BUT ONE! I GOT...

YOU'RE JUST A *PIKER!* NOW, YOU LISSEN TO ME!

I'M TALKIN' ABOUT *PERSONAL APPEARANCES* IN BIG THEATRES! OR A SHOW OF YOUR *OWN!* AN' *LECTURES!* LOOK, YOU'RE THE SCIENTIFIC PHENOME-NON OF THE AGE! I'LL BOOK YOU *SOLID*... MAKE YOU A *MILLION!* AN' ALL I WANT IS *10%!*

"OLLIE SIGNED AT LAST, BUT FOR SOME REASON HE WAS PRETTY RELUCTANT...."

FINE! NOW WE'LL MEET YOU IN YOUR ROOM TONIGHT AN' MAP OUR CAMPAIGN! YOU'LL MAKE A MILLION! AN' BE MORE FAMOUS THAN EVER!

WILL I? YES, I SUPPOSE SO!

CONGRATULATIONS, OLLIE!

"OLLIE HAD A GIRL FRIEND WAITING FOR HIM OUTSIDE THAT AFTERNOON! BILLY GLEASON AND I MET HER..."

THIS IS MY FRIEND, DORA DARLING!

HOW DO YOU DO, MISS DARLING?

HI! DON'T FORGET, OLLIE... YOUR ROOM AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!

I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU, CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU'VE BEEN SO GOOD TO OLLIE! AN' ISN'T HE JUST WONDERFUL! SO SMART, IT'S JUST THRILLING!

"EVERYTHING WAS ALL SET! 10% OF OLLIE'S MONEY FOR BILLY GLEASON! HE WAS JUBILANT! BUT WHEN WE GOT TO OLLIE'S THAT EVENING...."

NO, HE ISN'T HERE! HE SEEMED PRETTY EXCITED! HE SAID HE WOULDN'T BE BACK, MAYBE FOR A MONTH!

WHA?

I'M SURE WORRIED ABOUT MR. OLLIE! SO MANY PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS AFTER HIM SINCE HE GOT FAMOUS! TONIGHT, WHEN HE LEFT, A BIG, BLACK, NASTY-LOOKIN' CAR SEEMED TO BE FOLLOWIN' HIM!

"YOU CAN IMAGINE THAT GLEASON WAS PRETTY UPSET! AND HE WAS THINKING VERY SINISTER THINGS!"

BIG BLACK CAR! SUPPOSE HE'S ABDUCTED! WHAT A PRIZE FOR KIDNAPERS! I COULD BE HELD UP FOR THOUSANDS IN RANSOM MONEY!

LET'S HOPE NOT!

"MY OWN IDEAS WERE A LITTLE DIFFERENT! YOU MIGHT CALL IT A HUNCH! AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE I LOOKED IN THE PHONE BOOK."

WE GOTTA FIND HIM! RESCUE HIM! THAT BLACK CAR...

COULD BE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS, OR NEWSREEL MEN! ANYWAY, HERE'S THAT GIRL'S ADDRESS!

DORA WASN'T AT HOME! HER LANDLADY SAID SHE HAD GONE TO THE PALM GROVE NIGHT CLUB WITH A GENTLEMAN FRIEND! AND WHEN WE GOT THERE...

OH! HERE YOU ARE! GREAT NEWS! WE'RE ELOPING!

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL? SO MASTERFUL AND EVERY-THING!

YOU... YOU... WHAT ABOUT *ME?*

AND NOW I'LL GET RID OF EVERYBODY ASKIN' ME FOOL QUESTIONS ALL THE TIME! THAT LITTLE BOOK I USED TO HAVE...

"USED TO HAVE! I HAD A TERRIBLE THOUGHT..."

OLLIE! THINK CAREFULLY! *HOW FAR AWAY IS THE MOON?*

THE MOON? HOW FAR? WHY... WHY, GOSH! MUST BE PRETTY FAR! FURTHER'N THE SUN MAYBE! OR SOME OF THE STARS!

OLLIE! WHAT'S AN ICON? WHAT'S A WINESAP?

ICON? ICON? WINESAP? WHY... A SAP IS A SILLY FELLOW WHO... WINESAP IS A FELLOW SILLY FROM TOO MUCH WINE!

ISN'T HE JUST WONDERFUL?

??

YOU GUESSED IT! OLLIE HAD THROWN THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA IN THE RIVER BECAUSE HE WAS TIRED OF ANSWERING FOOLISH QUESTIONS AND DORA WAS SATISFIED WITH HIM ANYHOW!

YOU LEMME ALONE! I BIN HAVIN' TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT AN' I DON'T LIKE IT! DORA SAYS IT ISN'T GOOD FOR ME!

WE'RE GONNA HAVE A CHICKEN FARM, NICE AND QUIET! IN THE COUNTRY!

ISN'T IT THRILLING?

IT'S...*GRUESOME!* YOU... YOU...!

COULD BE YOU'RE RIGHT, OLLIE!

WAS THAT REALLY A MAGIC ENCYCLOPEDIA? OR DID SOME-THING HAPPEN IN OLLIE'S MIND WHEN ALL HIS THOUGHTS AND INTEREST WENT TO DORA? DON'T ASK ME! *I* DON'T KNOW! BUT I SURE WISH THEM LUCK WITH THAT CHICKEN FARM!

THE END

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STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

Most of the philatelic information which nas appeared in this department recently has related to stamps being issued by the United States. That is not surprising, because the deluge of U. S. issues which began in January has continued uninterruptedly—until now it is certain that Uncle Sam's 1948 postal program calls for at least 29 stamps; and who knows but that there will be still others?

In addition to the ones previously noted in these columns, the Post Office Department either committed itself, or was directed either by Congress or President Truman, to the following before 1948 closed:

(1) A 3c purple honoring William Allen White (1868-1944), Emporia, Kansas, newspaper editor. Released on July 31, it bears his portrait.

(2) A 3c commemorating "Youth Month" (September). This was issued on Aug. 11 and pictures a girl and a boy walking with books under their arms, and "Saluting Young America" is inscribed.

(3) Honoring Juliette Gordon Lowe (1860-1927), who in 1912 organized the Girl Scouts of America.

(4) Honoring Moina Michael (1870-1944), who in 1918 originated the Flanders Field Poppy Day idea on behalf of disabled veterans and their dependents.

(5) Honoring Gold Star Mothers. A September release.

(6) For the semicentenary of the organizing of Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War.

(7) Honoring the American Turner Society.

(8) Commemorating the dedication of the Mount Palomar Observatory in California.

(9) Centenary of the poultry industry.

(10) Centenary of Fort Bliss, Texas.

(11) Eighty-fifth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg Address.

Regarding the stamps mentioned in earlier numbers of this magazine, the following information is of interest:

The stamp for the semicentenary of the consolidation of Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island into the greater city of New York is an airmail 5c red released on July 31. The design is a map within a ring bearing inscriptions including Golden Anniversary".

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KEEP BUYING BONDS

SUB-MARINER

HOW TO DEFEAT NAMOR, THE MIGHTY KING OF THE SEA? THAT HAS BEEN THE GOAL OF MANY A VILLAIN! BUT ***THIS*** TIME A PLAN HAS BEEN PERFECTED, A PLAN WITHOUT A FLAW! SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA FACE A HORRIBLE FATE... DEATH FROM THE LACK OF THE ELEMENT THEY NEED MOST... ***WATER!*** WHO PLANED THIS MONSTROUS SCHEME? WHY? HOW? YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWERS WHEN YOU READ... **"SCAVENGERS OF THE DESERT!"**

HA! HA! THE GREAT NAMOR... NOTHING BUT A BIG FLOP! I'M ON MY WAY TO A CAREER IN CRIME AND ***YOU CAN'T STOP ME!***

WE'RE BEATEN AT LAST, NAMOR! THIS IS OUR FINISH! ***WE'RE THROUGH!***

WATER! JUST ***ONE*** DROP OF WATER... AND I CAN FIGHT BACK!

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THE SAVAGE SUN BEATS DOWN ON SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA AS THEY STAGGER ALONG THE SIMMERING SANDS OF THE SAHARA!

WE'VE BEEN IN WORSE SPOTS IN OUR TIME, NAMORA! WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS SOMEHOW!

I CAN'T... HOLD OUT MUCH... LONGER, NAMOR!

DEATH IS FACING THEM... THE WORST FATE OF ALL... DEATH FROM THIRST -- PARCHING, RAVISHING THIRST!

ABOVE THEM, A VULTURE CIRCLES -- A JEERING VULTURE IN A MAN-MADE MACHINE...

EVERY CRIMINAL IN THE WORLD WOULD ENVY ME THIS MOMENT! WATCHING SUBMARINER AND NAMORA DYING IN A DESERT, HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM WATER!

CHIEF, I'M GETTING THIRSTY MYSELF, JUST WATCHING 'EM!

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THE TREACHEROUS DESERT IS BREWING TROUBLE FOR SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA! SUDDENLY A SANDSTORM WHIPS UP

HERE COMES A SAND STORM, NAMOR! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

FOR ONCE, NAMORA, I JUST *DON'T KNOW!*

AS THE FIRST DRIVING GRAINS OF SAND STRIKE, SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA THINK BACK ON HOW THEY GOT INTO THIS IMPOSSIBLE DILEMMA EARLIER THE SAME DAY...

THIS IS THE MARE NOSTRUM--OUR SEA, AS THE ROMANS CALLED IT!

SWELL SPOT FOR A VACATION! THERE'S THE COAST OF THE MIDDLE EAST IN THE DISTANCE!

MAYBE HERE WE CAN FIND SOME TRACE OF SQUIRE BONES AND HIS PIRATE GANG!

SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS SHATTERED THE QUIET!

LOOK THERE, NAMOR! THAT PLANE IS ATTACKING A YACHT!

THIS SEA MAY BE OLD--BUT IT SEEMS LIKE CRIME HAS THE *NEW LOOK!* THEY EVEN USE A PLANE!

RAT! TAT! TAT!

THEY'RE TAKING STUFF FROM THE YACHT, NAMORA! IT LOOKS LIKE A *HOLDUP!*

IF THAT PLANE TAKES OFF FAST, WE WON'T MAKE IT IN TIME!

IT MUST BE SQUIRE BONES, AND WE *CAN'T* LET HIM GET AWAY!

AS THE CRIME-FIGHTERS OF THE SEA DIVE UNDERWATER THE PLANE GETS UNDERWAY!

THERE'S JUST *ONE* CHANCE, NAMORA!

I'M WITH YOU, NAMOR! LET'S TAKE IT!

WITH A LAST BLAZING FLASH OF SPEED, THEY SEIZE THE PONTOONS AS THE PLANE RISES FROM THE WATER...

MADE IT!

WONDERFUL, NAMOR! BUT WHAT DO WE DO *NEXT?*

THEY CLING TO THE PONTOONS AS THE SEAPLANE RISES HIGHER AND HEADS FOR THE ARABIAN SHORE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE *CAN* DO, NAMORA-- HOLD ON TILL WE LAND!

THE PLANE HEADS INLAND, TO THE RIM OF THE DESERT, WHERE IT BUZZES AN AIRFIELD IN A SECLUDED VALLEY!

HELLO...HELLO...HELLO, SQUIRE! I HAVE SOME NEWS FOR YOU! YOU HAVE HITCHHIKERS ON THAT PLANE, CLINGING TO THE PONTOONS! IT'S ***SUB-MARINER*** AND ***NAMORA!*** UP AND OVER!

UP AND OVER IS ***RIGHT,*** ROGERS! I ***THOUGHT*** THIS PLANE WAS HANDLING QUEERLY! HERE GOES FOR A ***JOY RIDE!***

THE PLANE GOES WILD IN THE SKY--BARREL LOOPING, SPINNING WILDLY!

AN INSIDE LOOP AND IT THROWS TREMENDOUS CENTRIFUGAL FORCE AGAINST THE STRAINING HANDS OF SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA...

SEEMS LIKE THE PILOT HAS GONE ***MAD,*** NAMOR!

OR ELSE HE'S TRYING TO SHAKE US OFF! ***HOLD TIGHT!***

CHIEF, THIS PLANE WILL FALL APART IF YOU DON'T STOP!

VERY WELL, MY GOOD FELLOW! THOSE TWO HELD ON LIKE OCTOPI --WHICH AS YOU SHOULD KNOW, IS THE CORRECT PLURAL FOR OCTOPUS! WE'LL TAKE THEM DOWN! THEY SHOULD BE TIRED OF IT ALL BY ***THIS*** TIME!

LOOKS LIKE THEY HAVE A ROUSING WELCOME READY FOR US!

MY HEAD IS ***STILL*** REELING FROM THOSE AERIAL ACROBATICS!

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK ON SOLID GROUND AGAIN!

YES, BUT THE CLIMATE IS WARM HERE IN THE NEAR EAST!

POW!

WHEN THEY LAND, NAMOR AND NAMORA REALLY GO TO WORK ON THE HOODLUMS!

NICE FOOTWORK, NAMORA!

THANK YOU, SIR!

BAM!

POW!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM! THEY AREN'T AS TOUGH AS THEY THOUGHT!

COULD BE, NAMOR, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *BOSS?*

HERE I AM, YOUNG LADY! AND, IF YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESSION, IT'S IN THE BAG! *HA HA, HA!* A CRUDE JOKE, BUT NEAT-- *NEAT!*

I ALWAYS BELIEVE IN GIVING THE ENEMY A SPORTING CHANCE-- AND YOU TWO SHALL HAVE IT, EGAD! IT MAY BE A LITTLE FAR FROM WATER, BUT IT WOULD BE NO REAL TEST, OTHERWISE!

SHOVED ROUGHLY INTO THE PLANE, SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA ARE TAKEN OUT INTO THE DESERT...

SORRY TO SEE YOU GO, BUT YOUR VISIT WAS A LITTLE INCONVENIENT! I HOPE YOU WON'T GET A BAD SUNBURN!

SO, A TERRIBLE HOUR LATER, NAMORA AND SUB-MARINER ARE BATTLING THE SAND STORM AS THEY HEAR THE DRONE OF THE ENGINES DISAPPEAR IN THE SKY...

THERE'S A GOOD SPOT! NO WATER FOR MANY MILES! NO ONE CAN WALK AN HOUR IN THIS DESERT SUN! I'LL DROP DOWN TO FIFTEEN FEET, THEN TOSS THEM OUT!

OKAY, BOSS!

ROLL OVER WHEN YOU LAND, NAMORA! IT'LL TAKE THE EDGE OFF THE SHOCK!

I CAN'T SEE THREE FEET AHEAD, NAMOR

I SAW A RIDGE THIS WAY BEFORE THE STORM BROKE! IF WE MAKE IT, WE MIGHT FIND SOME SHELTER THERE!

WE *HAVE* TO KEEP GOING! IF WE RESTED NOW, THE SAND WOULD COVER US IN FIVE MINUTES! THE WHOLE DESERT SHIFTS WHEN ONE OF THESE STORMS COMES UP!

WHAT HAPPENED, NAMOR? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

IT'S ALL RIGHT! I TRIPPED! I THINK THIS IS THE RIDGE WE WERE AIMING AT!

IN THE BLINDING, RAGING STORM, SUB-MARINER TRIPS AND...

THIS IS STRANGE! A RIDGE HERE THAT *DOESN'T BLOW WITH THE SAND!* THERE MUST BE SOMETHING INSIDE! *HEY!* I HAVE AN IDEA! I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING!

WHAT IS IT?

SNAP!

I FOUND IT! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!

I'LL BET I KNOW WHAT IT IS!

IT'S ONE OF THE WATER DUCTS BUILT HERE BY THE ROMANS TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO! THEY'RE *STILL* USED TO CARRY WATER TO DESERT SETTLEMENTS!

THAT'S RIGHT! THEY CALL THEM *FIGUEROS!* THE STORM BLEW THE TOP SAND OFF AND GAVE US A CRACK AT IT!

THERE'S WATER DOWN HERE AND IT'S DEEP ENOUGH TO SWIM IN!

THIS IS GOING TO BE *SOME* JOURNEY! *SWIMMING THROUGH THE SAHARA!*

THIS SHOULD LEAD US TO THE NEAREST TOWN! WE'LL PAY OFF OUR SCORE WITH THAT SQUIRE BONES YET!

HE CAN'T GET VERY FAR IN *THIS* STORM! IF IT CATCHES HIM, THE SAND CAN TEAR HIS ENGINES TO PIECES! THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T STICK AROUND TO MAKE SURE WE GOT CAUGHT!

AT THAT MOMENT, BONES IS BATTLING THE STORM IN A FALLING PLANE!

I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP MUCH LONGER! THIS SAND GOT IN THE ENGINES!

I JUST SAW SOMETHING AHEAD THROUGH A BREAK IN THE STORM! IT LOOKED LIKE BUILDINGS--A DESERT CAMP!

THIS MUST BE THE SIX-TREE OASIS! WE WERE LUCKY TO GET HERE!

BOSS, I'M GOING TO DIE IF I DON'T GET A DRINK OF WATER!

I'LL REPAY YOU FOR THIS, MY GOOD MAN!

THE FOOLS! I WOULDN'T GIVE *THEM* A DRINK IF THEY WERE DYING!

LANDING, BONES PROMISES TO PAY THE CHIEF FOR THE WATER, AND IS LED TO THE TOWN WELL!

DAYLIGHT AGAIN! AND LOOK WHO'S HERE! OUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT!

NO! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD ON THE DESERT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE SEA-FARING DUO SPRINGS OUT OF THE WELL, READY TO DEAL OUT SWIFT JUSTICE!

I GIVE UP! I CAN'T BEAT *YOU!* IF THE *SAHARA* COULDN'T STOP YOU TWO, *NOTHING* CAN!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING--AND *SENSE*, TOO!

LATER, AFTER THE CROOKS HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE...

NAMOR, THE OCEAN NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD IN ALL MY LIFE!

WELL, WE FOUND OUT THERE'S WATER EVERY WHERE-- EVEN IN THE DESERT!

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THE END

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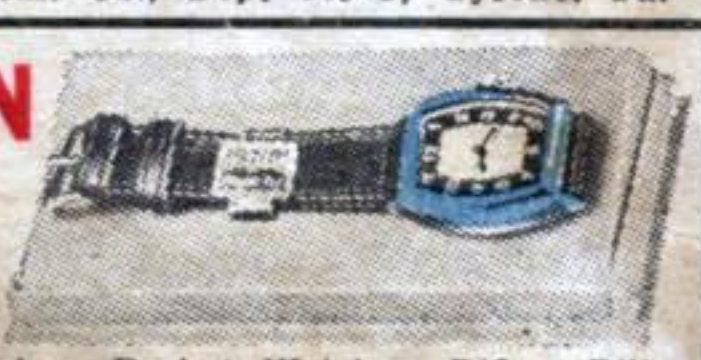

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